

THE Saturday Magazine.

N^o 242.

APRIL

9TH, 1836.

{ PRICE
ONE PENNY.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.



INNSPRUCK, THE CAPITAL OF THE TYROL.

THE CITY OF INNSPRUCK, THE CAPITAL OF THE TYROL.

INNSPRUCK, the capital of the Tyrol, is situated in the upper or German portion of that territory, or county, as it is called, at a short distance from the southern border of the kingdom of Bavaria. Its more correct name is Innsbrück, or the Bridge on the Inn; and it stands in a little plain on the banks of that river, about midway between the two extremities of the narrow valley which constitutes the northern portion of the Tyrol, and which is watered throughout its whole length by the Inn. It stands also nearly midway between the sources of that impetuous stream and its confluence with the Danube; "the waters of the Inn," says Mr. Brockedon, "are greater than those of the Danube at the confluence; and the loss of its name in the Danube is an undeserved dishonour." Immediately on the north of the city are the mountains which separate the Upper from the Lower or Italian Tyrol; they rise abruptly above the river to the height of six or seven thousand feet, and are covered with snow in the months of May and June. To the south a plain extends for some little distance, until it is bounded by the famous Mount Brenner, a portion of the lofty chain which shuts out the Upper from the Lower Tyrol, and that portion of it over which is the only road of communication between the two divisions of the county.

Thus situated, the appearance of Innspruck from a short distance is striking and picturesque; or as Mr. Inglis says, "the prospect, approaching it, is superb. The valley of the Inn, from one to about three miles wide, is seen stretching far to the eastward, covered with varied and luxuriant vegetation, thickly studded with houses, and traversed by the broad, rapid, and brimful river; high mountains mostly clothed with wood enclose the valley on both sides, and nearly in the centre of it stands Innspruck, like the monarch of a small but beautiful dominion. The peasants," adds this writer, alluding to the period of his own visit, "were in the fields busy with their Indian corn, which is the staple produce of the valley, and all who have seen this beautiful plant growing in luxuriance, and covering a wide expanse, will admit that a more captivating prospect is not easy to be imagined." As may at once be gathered from this description, there are delightful walks about the city on all sides.

Innspruck is a city of middling size, but is generally spoken of as possessing considerable beauty. "I do not know any town" says the traveller already quoted, "of the same size, that is distinguished for so many handsome buildings within it and in its neighbourhood; nor any one whose suburbs, either in cleanliness or elegance, will vie with those of Innspruck." That part of it which is more properly called the city, exhibits an antiquated appearance, such as may be seen depicted in our engraving; it is ill-built, and put together without any regularity of arrangement. In the suburbs, as the remaining portion of the town is called, there are some fine streets consisting of modern houses, the residences of the noble and the wealthy. The principal public buildings devoted to civil uses are the town-house, a spacious palace, the residence of the Austrian-governor of the Tyrol, which is situated in the *Remplats*, a large square decorated with a bronze equestrian statue of the Archduke Leopold.

The churches of Innspruck are its chief attractions. At the head of them is the Cathedral, or Church of the Holy Cross, of which we are told that in one whole day the visitor has scarcely time to do justice to the innumerable works of art contained in it. Among

them is the celebrated tomb of the Emperor Maximilian the First, who ruled over Germany between the years 1493 and 1519; it is said that this monarch was desirous of being buried at Innspruck, but as his body was interred at Neustadt, the Emperor Ferdinand the First erected this monument to his memory in the capital of the Tyrol. It stands in the nave of the church on three steps of veined marble, the highest of which is ornamented with a bordering of arms and trophies finely executed in bronze; it is rather more than six feet in height, about thirteen in length, and seven in breadth. On the top a bronze figure of Maximilian, robed as an Emperor, kneels in suppliant posture; and on the sides of the monument is that which is said to constitute its "inestimable worth and extraordinary beauty"—a series of four-and-twenty bas-reliefs representing the most remarkable events in Maximilian's life. They are executed in tablets of the finest white marble of Carrara; these are each two feet wide and one and a half in height, and they are separated from one another by single pilasters of jet black marble. Among the subjects represented are the marriage at Ghent, of Maximilian, when simply a prince, with Mary of Burgundy, the daughter and successor of the famous Duke Charles the Rash, and his coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle as king of the Romans; the remainder consist of his battles with the Turks and Venetians,—the marriage of his son Philip the Handsome,—his sieges, marches, interviews, and treaties. "The sculpture is exquisite," says the author of a *Ramble in Germany*, "and all the scenes are represented with a fidelity at once minute and animated." Mr. Inglis tells us that nothing which he has ever seen in bas-relief nearly equals this superb work; and from his remarks we infer that the merit of the artist is not more conspicuous in the beauty and spirit of his designs than in the correctness of their details. "The arms and costumes of the different warriors and different nations," he says, "are consistent with fact, and so are the bas-reliefs of the cities and castles; the representation of Venice is on marble what Canaletti's are on canvass, and the likeness of Maximilian is preserved throughout all the tablets, differing only in age."

But wonderful as this monument is, there are objects surrounding it which are not less interesting. Close to it are ranged "a stern and silent company" of eight-and-twenty colossal bronze statues, standing in solemn array "like warriors guarding the tomb;" they represent a number of male and female personages, illustrious in the days of Maximilian and in times preceding, either by their deeds or by their royal birth. Among these are many belonging to the Imperial house of Austria; there are several of its founders, the early counts of Habsburg, together with Duke Charles the Rash of Burgundy,—his father Duke Philip the Good,—the Princess Mary, Maximilian's first wife,—the Archduchess Margaret, his daughter, and Queen Joanna of Castile, who married his son Philip the Handsome, and thus brought the crown of Spain into the family of Austria. But besides these, there are others, "to the stranger's eye, of a deeper and more attaching interest." There is the renowned Crusader *Gottfried von Bouillon König von Jerusalem*,—Godfrey of Bouillon, King of Jerusalem,—clad in complete armour, with the cross upon his breast and the crown of thorns upon his cap of steel,—there is the Gothic king *Theodoric*, the French king *Clovis*, who is usually reckoned the founder of that monarchy, and that celebrated hero of our own fabulous history, *Arthur* king of *England*. According to one of our own countrymen, it is this collection of

statues thus arrayed which imparts to the tomo its chief charm and magic; Mr. Inglis says that their effect is most imposing, "and almost terrific," he adds, "when the gloom of evening begins to fall among these dark-visaged and gigantic kings and knights." A traveller who wrote more than a century back, declares that he has scarcely ever met with anything in modern statuary which surprised him more agreeably than these bronze figures: "they have," to use his words, "a good deal of the Gothic manner, but as they are much larger than life, most of them armed cap-a-pie, and in act to fight as it were, there is a kind of horror in their airs and attitudes, which I think cannot be better expressed than by that fine line of Milton's,

Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise
Grim faces threatening war."

In the same church, lie the remains of the celebrated patriot leader Andrew Hofer, "the Tell of the Tyrol," who, after bravely combating with his bands of hardy peasants against the disciplined armies of France and Bavaria, was finally betrayed into the hands of his enemies, and shot at Mantua, by the orders of Buonaparte, in the beginning of the year 1810. He was buried in the city which had witnessed his death; but thirteen years afterwards his remains were disinterred by the order of the late Emperor of Austria, Francis the First, that they might be honoured with a public funeral in the capital of his native country. They were accordingly brought to Innspruck amidst the joyful transports of the grateful Tyrolese, and on the 22nd of February, 1823, they were deposited in their present resting-place, being borne to the cathedral upon the shoulders of six of his companions in arms, and followed by the civil and military authorities, as well as by large crowds of the peasantry, who flocked down from all their mountains to grace the procession. The place of his interment was marked by a plain stone inscribed simply with his name.

There are some other churches worthy of notice besides the cathedral; that of St. James is a handsome structure, containing "an abundance of well-wrought marble," and some pictures. The Church of the Holy Trinity is described as perhaps the finest architectural design in Innspruck; it has a lantern and cupola, and a balustrade running round, which being elevated 215 feet above the ground, affords an excellent view of the valley of the Inn. All the marble with which this church is adorned is the produce of the Tyrol.

Innspruck is a place of some interest in an historical point of view. It was known to the Romans, though not as the capital of the Tyrol; in the eleventh century of the Christian era it was of some note, and in the year 1234, it was fortified by a certain Otto, Duke of Meran, who endowed it with certain privileges, and bestowed upon it the metropolitan rank, at the expense of Meran, which had been previously the capital. The house of this Otto is said to be still in existence at Innspruck, or at least it was so some little time back; it goes by the name of Ottoburg, and the date of 1232 is still visible on it. After suffering the usual vicissitudes to which cities were exposed in the turbulence of the middle ages, Innspruck passed with the Tyrol, in the year 1363, into the possession of the house of Austria, with whom it remained through an uninterrupted succession of four centuries and a half, until the year 1805. By the peace of Presburg, which Buonaparte then imposed upon Austria, the Tyrol was ceded to his ally the king of Bavaria, whose ancestors, in ages long past, had often struggled to

gain possession of it. This transfer was very much opposed to the wishes of the inhabitants; and as the Bavarians soon began to exhibit harshness and oppression in their rule, an insurrection was gradually and silently organized against them, with the connivance and secret support of Austria. It burst forth into an open flame, in the year 1809, when a fresh war arose between Buonaparte and the Emperor Francis; the Tyrolese then seized the opportunity of carrying into execution the resolution which they had formed to drive out the Bavarians.

One of the first blows which the patriots struck was an attack upon the capital. Early on the morning of the 11th of April, more than 20,000 peasants were collected on the heights above Innspruck; and when they had taken sufficient precautions to prevent the retreat of the enemy, they rushed down into the plain which adjoins the city, and completely routed all who ventured to oppose them. The Bavarians fled within the walls; but the Tyrolese pursued sharply, and thronged in with them through the gates. The enemy then stationed themselves on the tops of the houses and at their windows; but being unable to withstand the incessant fire of the peasants, so skilled in the use of the deadly rifle, they soon abandoned their post, and throwing down their arms in the streets, begged for mercy. Still a considerable number, when driven to extremities, defended themselves with the greatest intrepidity, and those who were stationed at the barracks stood their ground to the last man. Among the most conspicuous of these brave soldiers was an officer, Colonel Dittfurt by name, who had rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the Tyrolese by the measures which he had taken to enforce the conscription introduced by the Bavarians, previous to the insurrection; he had a great contempt for the undisciplined peasants, and had publicly boasted "that with his regiment of infantry and two squadrons of cavalry, he could check the ragged mob." He was now seen everywhere encouraging, entreating, and menacing his men in one breath, and fighting in the same desperate manner, as if he thought that everything depended on the issue of that day.

The Tyrolese had gained possession of the house of the commander-in-chief, and were pressing him to surrender, when Dittfurt, who had already been wounded by two bullets in his body, came up and attacked them sword in hand. A third ball now struck him in the breast, and as he sank on his knees a stream of blood gushed from his mouth; some peasants advanced to take him prisoner, and as he raised himself up and called faintly to his men to come on and not be cowards, he received a fourth ball in his head, which laid him senseless on the ground. In this state he was captured and carried to the guard-house by the very peasants whom he so much despised; and as he lay there half-fainting from loss of blood, and surrounded by his disarmed companions, he asked "who had been the leader of the peasants?" "No one," was the reply, "we fought equally for God, the emperor, and our native country." "That is surprising," rejoined Dittfurt, "for I saw him frequently pass me on his white horse." This accidental and insignificant speech is said to have made the greatest impression upon the minds of the peasants, who, being greatly addicted to superstition, became from that moment convinced that St. James, the patron of the town, had fought with them. Dittfurt himself, after lingering for twelve days in a delirious fever, breathed his last; he was treated with great humanity by his captors, who tried every possible means of alleviating his sufferings by kindness and

care, but he seemed insensible to it all, and continued to rave about butchering peasants and on other similar topics.

By the hour of eleven in the morning Innspruck was completely in the possession of the Tyrolese, nearly the whole of the Bavarian troops being made prisoners. The joy of the victors knew no bounds, and nothing was heard but shouts of rejoicing the Imperial Eagle was taken down from the tomb of Maximilian, and being decorated with red ribands, was carried through the streets amidst the acclamations of the people. The pictures of the archduke John, who had descended with a formidable army to encounter the French in the plains of Lombardy, and of the emperor, were placed on a sort of triumphal arch, and surrounded by lighted candles, which were kept constantly burning: every one who passed bent his knee before them, crying "Long live the emperor." But these rejoicings were not of long duration. The wearied peasants, overcome by the fatigues of the day, had fallen asleep in the streets and in the neighbouring orchards, when, about three o'clock on the following morning, they were awakened by the alarm-bells of the city and of all the adjoining villages. The cause of the disturbance was soon found in the advance of a strong column of French and Bavarian troops; and measures were quickly taken for their reception. The gates were barricaded with casks, wagons, and everything that could be had for the purpose; the doors of all the houses were closed up, and every preparation made which the experience or ingenuity of the Tyrolese could suggest.

On this occasion, too, the patriots were successful; they completely repulsed their assailants, and compelled them to surrender as prisoners of war, on the 13th of April. But the large force, both of French and Bavarians, which was speedily poured into the Tyrol, would have rendered all resistance to a direct attack quite unavailing; and the enemy accordingly entered Innspruck on the 19th of May. Ten days afterwards, it again changed hands; for the Bavarians being defeated on the 29th, in the neighbourhood of the city, availed themselves of the protection of darkness, and silently evacuated it in the night. But after the battle of Wagram, in which the armies of Austria suffered so decisive a rout at the hands of Buonaparte, the Tyrolese were abandoned by the emperor Francis, and even recommended by him to submit to the rule of Bavaria. Being thus left to themselves, they were unable to offer an open resistance to the advance of their enemies, who accordingly took possession of the capital on the 31st of July. Yet such was the activity and indomitable hardihood of Hofer and his brave mountaineers, that only twelve days afterwards, 18,000 Tyrolese assembled on the plains of Innspruck, and totally defeated the French and Bavarian army of 25,000 strong; the result was another change in the possession of the city, which Hofer entered in triumph on the 15th of August. But the term of these changes was nearly expired,—the contest was too unequal to continue much longer; the overwhelming numbers of French and Bavarian troops which entered the Tyrol, under Eugene Beauharnais, after peace had been again established, and after the emperor Francis had a second time formally yielded that devoted territory into the hands of Buonaparte's ally, soon crushed all attempts at resistance. Hofer evacuated Innspruck on the 5th of November, and fell into the hands of the French in January, 1810. The Bavarians retained possession of the Tyrol till the peace of 1814, when it reverted to its old masters, the emperors of Austria.

ON THE COVERING OF ANIMALS.

THE covering of different animals, both for its variety and its suitableness to their several natures, is as much to be admired as any part of their structure. There are bristles, furs, hair, wool, feathers, quills, prickles, and scales; yet in all this diversity of materials and form, we cannot change one animal's coat for another, without evidently changing it for the worse.

These coverings are, in many cases, armour as well as clothing, and intended for protection as well as warmth. Dr. Paley says, "The human animal is the only one that is by nature destitute of covering, and the only one that can clothe itself. This is one of the properties which renders him an animal of all climates and of all seasons. He can adapt the warmth or lightness of his covering to the temperature of his habitation. Had he been born with a fleece upon his back, although he might have been comforted by its warmth in high latitudes, it would have oppressed him by its weight and heat, as the species spread towards the equator.

"The clothing of many animals, particularly of that large tribe of quadrupeds that are covered with furs, changes of its own accord with their necessities: and it is well known that the fur is much thickened by the approach of Winter; so that what art does for man, Nature, in many cases, does for those animals that are incapable of art. Wool, in hot countries, degenerates, as it is called, but in truth (most happily for the animal's ease), passes into hair."

Naturalists have observed, that bears, wolves, foxes, and hares, which do not take the water, have the fur much thicker on the back than on the breast; and that in the beaver it is thickest upon the breast, and that the feathers of water-fowl are also thickest upon the breast.—*Cressingham Rectory.*

NOTWITHSTANDING that natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves; and what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond the usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it: as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.—*ADDISON.*

It is certain that a single watch could not be made so cheap in proportion by one only man, as a hundred watches by a hundred; for as there is vast variety in the work, no one person could equally suit himself to all the parts of it: the manufacture would be tedious, and at last but *clumsily* performed. But if a hundred watches were to be made by a hundred men, the cases may be assigned to one, the dials to another, the wheels to another, the springs to another, and every other part to a proper artist. As there would be no need of perplexing any one person with too much variety, every one would be able to perform his single part with greater skill and expedition; and the hundred watches would be finished in one-fourth part of the time of the first one, and every one of them at one-fourth part of the cost, though the wages of every man were equal. The reduction of the price of the manufacture would increase the demand of it,—all the same hands would still be employed, and as well paid. The same rule will hold in the clothing, the shipping, and all other trades whatsoever. And thus an addition of hands to our manufactures will only reduce the price of them; the labourer will still have as much wages, and will consequently be enabled to purchase more conveniences of life; so that every interest in the nation would receive a benefit from the increase of our working people.—*BUDGELL.*

BROTHER NICHOLAS.

In the year 1481, the Swiss Cantons which had then existed for nearly three centuries as a confederated state, were on the very verge of destruction, arising from dissensions amongst themselves. The union which had enabled them to maintain their independence against every aggression, seemed on the point of being dissolved, and at a solemn meeting of the deputies of several of the cantons which was held in the town of Stanz in Unterwalden, so violent were the altercations, and such was the exasperation amongst all parties, that after the third conference, the confederates separated on the approach of night, with the most angry feelings against each other. A cry ran through the little town, that what Austria and Burgundy could not effect was now on the point of taking place; viz., the last day of the Swiss Confederation. It was at this important moment that the pious wisdom of a devout hermit, named Brother Nicholas, saved his country from the impending danger, and by his calm moderation allayed the angry passions which threatened its destruction.

Some little account of this transaction, and a few particulars of the life of this pious man, may not be uninteresting to the English reader, nor, perhaps, quite useless to us as a nation, blessed as we have been for centuries above many other nations, with so happy a constitutional form of government, that it were well for us if we learnt to value more the real advantages we enjoy.

Brother Nicholas, or Claus, as he is called in his native dialect, sprang from a respectable family settled near the town of Saxeln, where, surrounded by his relatives, he tilled his own farm, and passed the first fifty years of his life. His youthful days were blameless and industrious; at a more advanced period, having married, he became the father of ten children. In a war in which his country took a part, he evinced great courage, combined with much humanity, and in the councils of his little native canton showed a particular skill in bringing matters to a successful issue. An internal all-powerful desire after the great Creator of the Universe filled this man's soul, produced not by the perusal of books, for he could not even read, nor as far as can be learnt, by intercourse with mankind; nor was this with him a melancholy sentiment, for his virtuous life was not imbibed by remorse, equally removed was it from every degree of pride, for his religion was founded on obedience to God and love to his fellow-creatures. His highest enjoyment consisting in contemplation, he estranged himself more and more from those worldly matters which might interfere with it.

After having lived to his country and his family for half a century, with the consent of his wife and his father, who was still alive, he withdrew from the world to a spot adapted to his purpose, situated in a deep glen on the brink of one of his native Alpine streams, about three miles from Saxeln, the place of his birth. Here his countrymen, the men of Unterwalden, who had often benefited by his wise and virtuous counsels, built him a cell, as small as he could wish, and soon after a little chapel. It was here Brother Nicholas lived, but his humility was such that he did not urge others to practise the same rule of life which he had chosen for himself. His custom was to remain in his cell from nightfall to mid-day; he visited then, at times, the neighbouring churches. So little pretence did he make to superior sanctity, that he never declined the spiritual assistance of the most simple of the country clergy. The fountain of life, he was wont to say, flow it either through "lead or gold,

equally carries with it healing streams." In the after-part of the day he used often to visit a friend, a man of rank, whom love to him had brought to live a similar life. To his little cell came, from every part of Switzerland, all who required advice, may, such reliance was placed on his sagacity, that the ambassadors of the Emperor Frederick and the Archduke Sigismond sought his opinion on their affairs, and it was delivered in so simple, so unostentatious a manner, that all hearts were won by it, to which the venerable appearance of his lofty figure not a little contributed.

It was to this remarkable person that in the middle of the night tidings were brought of the unhappy termination of the affairs of his country, with the earnest request that, in the eleventh hour, he would come to their help. Tell them, said the aged man, that Brother Nicholas has something to communicate to the assembly of deputies. In haste the messenger returned, and found them just on the point of leaving the town;—they remained. In a few hours Brother Nicholas appeared. Tall,—above six feet,—his spare frame seemed composed of nothing but skin and bone; his long black hair mingled with gray, his flowing beard, his simple gray habit, which reached to his ankles,—barefooted, and with uncovered head, he appeared before them, with a look expressive of benignity and seriousness. As soon as the venerable old man entered the assembly, and had greeted the deputies with a cheerful air, they all with one accord stood up and bowed themselves before him. It was then he thus addressed them:—

"Dear and faithful friends, here come I, a weak old man, to speak to you of our common country,—skill and science I possess not; I am an unlearned man; but what I have, that I give you: from that God who has delivered your fathers from so many dangers, and given you the victory in the day of battle,—from him I have received it, from him I offer it. My friends! how have you become victorious? Only through the power of your united forces, and now you are going to separate for ever! Let not this be said of you in the neighbouring countries. In good times, I always impressed upon you the advantage of moderation. Seek not to enlarge your borders beyond your native mountains; avoid all foreign quarrels; but let those who would attack you find you men. Flee from party strife, it will only destroy you. Dear Confederates, love each other, and the Almighty guide and mercifully direct you as heretofore." And, says the Chronicle, God gave such grace to the words of the holy hermit, that in one hour, all differences were accommodated, and an universal voice of joy resounded from the Jura to the Gotthard,—"That the Confederates had conquered themselves."

Brother Nicholas, after having performed this service, returned to his hermitage; the Confederates presented him with decorations for his little chapel, but he declined all the gifts they were desirous of personally bestowing on him; here he continued to teach and enforce the end of all wisdom, namely, obedience and love; for to follow the direction of the Most High, and to labour for the welfare of mankind is the secret of all happiness, and the essence of all morality.

In the month of March, 1487, on the same day that he completed his seventieth year, after a short but painful illness, he breathed his last, in his cell, surrounded by his wife and children, and the friend whom we have before mentioned. The whole canton of Unterwalden, with reverential affection, attended his body to the grave. He lies under a marble tomb,

in front of the altar of the church of Saxeln. His house and cell were standing till very lately. He was lamented by all Switzerland; foreign princes honoured his memory; and so highly were his virtues prized, that living as he did on the very verge of the Reformation, both Roman Catholics and Protestants contended for him.—MULLER'S *History of Switzerland*.

MY LIBRARY.

"HAVING no library within reach, I live upon my own stores, which are, however, more ample, perhaps, than were ever before possessed by one whose whole estate was in his inkstand."

My days among the dead are past;
 Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
 I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
 My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
 Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust.—SOUTHEY.

THE following extract from Bishop Hall's *Occasional Meditations*, "upon the sight of a great library," will be read with interest after the above beautiful lines.

"What an happiness is it, that, without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient worthies of learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts! That I can at pleasure summon whole synods of reverend fathers, and acute doctors from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well-studied judgments in all points of question which I propose! Neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters, but I must learn somewhat; it is a wantonness to complain of choice.

"No law binds me to read all; but the more we can take in and digest, the better; blessed be God that hath set up so many clear lamps in his church.

"Now none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness; and blessed be the memory of those his faithful servants, that have left their blood, their spirits, their lives, in these precious papers; and have willingly wasted themselves into these during monuments, to give light unto others."

H. M.

WHEN I have been upon the Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy course of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating, like princes, for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury. Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire. It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our land estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves.—

ADDISON.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF ADMIRAL LORD EXMOUTH.

THE number of the *Quarterly Review* published in December last, contains a long and well-written review of Mr. Osler's *Life of Lord Exmouth*. The following extract concludes the article.

"Early in 1832, after an extraordinary exemption from such trials in his own family, Lord Exmouth lost one of his grandchildren; on that occasion, he wrote, 'We have been long mercifully spared: death has at last entered our family, and it behoves us all to be watchful.' In May following, died his younger brother, Rear-Admiral Sir Israel Pellew, who had shared much of Lord Exmouth's public service, and had distinguished himself on many occasions, particularly in the command of the *Conqueror*, 74, at Trafalgar. Lord Exmouth, though he now travelled with difficulty and pain, could not refuse himself the melancholy satisfaction of a parting visit; their elder brother*, also, came up from Falmouth on this painful occasion: they all met for the last time. Lord Exmouth then returned home never to leave it. He expired on the 23rd of January, 1833, placid and grateful, surrounded by his family, in the full possession of his faculties; in the soothing recollection of a glorious and a virtuous life, and in the still higher comfort and hope of a Christian spirit.

"We should not do justice to Lord Exmouth's memory, nor to still more sacred interests, if we did not add Mr. Osler's testimony as to the feelings on the most important of all concerns, which inspired and guided this admirable man,—*visibly* in all times, but towards the close of his life, *exemplarily*,—when his heart had, as it were, leisure from the affairs of the world to develop its natural piety.

That moral elevation, not always associated with powerful talent and splendid success, which forms the most admirable part of Lord Exmouth's character, was derived from Religion. Young as he was when he first entered the service, and though such principles and feelings could not be supposed then to be very strongly fixed, yet he was guarded in his conduct, and always prompt to check any irreverent allusion to serious subjects. His youth was passed in camps and ships, at a time when coarse and profane conduct too much prevailed, now happily almost unknown; but he was never deterred by a false shame from setting a proper example. On board his first frigate, the *Winchelsea*, the duties of the Sunday were regularly observed. He always dressed in full uniform on that day, and, having no Chaplain, read the morning service to his crew, whenever the weather permitted them to be assembled. Advancing in his brilliant career, the same feelings were more and more strikingly displayed. It was his practice to have a special and general service of thanksgiving after every signal deliverance or success. Too often is it found, that with the accession of worldly honours the man becomes more forgetful of the good Providence from whom he received them. From this evil Lord Exmouth was most happily kept; and additional distinctions only the more confirmed the unaffected simplicity and benevolence of his character. Finally, after the last and greatest of his services, a battle of almost unexampled severity and duration, and fought less for his country than for the world, his gratitude to the Giver of victory was expressed in a manner the most edifying and delightful.

But when external responsibilities had ceased to divert his attention from himself, his religious principles acquired new strength, and exercised a more powerful influence. They guided him to peace; they added dignity to his character; and blessed his declining years with a serenity, at once the best evidence of their truth, and the happiest illustration of their power.

He cherished a very strong attachment to the Church, and for more than thirty years had been a member of the SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE; which he joined when the claims of the Society were so little appreciated, that only principle could have prompted the step. It might, therefore, be expected that he would feel deep

anxiety when the safety of that Church was threatened. But upon this subject his mind was firm; and in one of the last letters he ever wrote, dated August 28th, 1832, he declares his confidence in the most emphatic language. After some personal observations to the friend he was addressing, (one of his old officers) he alludes to the cholera, then raging in his neighbourhood; "which," he says, "I am much inclined to consider an infliction of Providence, to show his power to the discontented of the world, who have long been striving against the government of man, and are commencing their attacks on the Church. **BUT THEY WILL FAIL!** God will never suffer his Church to fall; and the world will see that His mighty arm is not shortened, nor His power diminished. I put my trust in Him, and not in man; and I bless Him that He has enabled me to see the difference between improvement and destruction."

Sustained by the principles which had guided him so long, his death-bed became the scene of his best and noblest triumph. "Every hour of his life is a sermon," said an officer who was often with him. "I have seen him great in battle, but never so great as on his death-bed."

Full of hope and peace, he advanced with the confidence of a Christian to his last conflict, and when nature was at length exhausted, he closed a life of brilliant and important service, with a death more happy, and not less glorious, than if he had fallen in the hour of victory.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in the great waters,—these men see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep."—PSALM civ. 23.

* Mr. Samuel Pellew, of Falmouth, now in his eighty-second year.

THE man who is fitted out by nature, and sent into the world with great abilities, is capable of doing great good or mischief in it. It ought, therefore, to be the care of education to infuse into the untainted youth, early notions of justice and honour, that so the possible advantages of good parts may not take an evil turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy purposes. It is the business of religion and philosophy not so much to extinguish our passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable and well-chosen objects. When these have pointed out to us which course we may lawfully steer, it is no harm to set out all our sails; if the storms and tempests of adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the haven where we would, it will, however, prove no small consolation to us in those circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our course, nor fallen into calamities of our own procuring.—HUGHES.

THERE is a charm in the week-day services of a parish minister, which has not been duly estimated either by philanthropists or patriots. His official and recognised character furnishes him with a passport to every habitation; and he will soon find, that a visit to the house of a parishioner, is the surest way of finding access to his heart. Even the hardest and most hopeless in vice, cannot altogether withstand this influence; and, at times, in their own domestic history, there are opportunities, whether by sickness, or disaster, or death, which afford a weighty advantage to the Christian kindness that is brought to bear upon them. His week-day attentions, and their Sabbath attendance go hand in hand. It is thus, that a house-going minister wins for himself a church-going people.—DR. CHALMERS.

I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE ROSE;—ATTAR, OR OTTO, OF ROSES.

Or all the flowers which adorn the garden, none perhaps exceed the Rose in beauty of form, delicacy of colour, or sweetness of perfume; the different species of this flower are exceedingly numerous, amounting to at least sixty, and the varieties are upwards of a thousand.

The Rose has, in all ages, been a favourite with the poet, and it has also formed a part of the decorations at festivals and religious ceremonies. A French writer characteristically observes, "The most populous nations, the mightiest cities, the richest empires, have disappeared from the surface of the globe; the most powerful dynasties have been engulfed in the revolutions and the changes of ages, but a simple flower has survived all these political storms, without suffering a change in its destiny. The homage that was rendered to it three thousand years since, the favour in which it was held, are still the same; no other flower has been so much celebrated for so great a length of time. In almost all languages it is employed as the emblem of beauty, and used to express modesty, innocence, and grace."

In accordance with these feelings of the ancients, a supernatural origin was attributed to it in their heathen mythology, and it was accordingly said to have sprung from the earth on the spot where the blood of Adonis was shed, after his conflict with the wild boar.

In ancient Rome, during public rejoicings, the streets were strewed with roses; and at Baiae, when festivals were given on the water, the whole of the neighbouring lake appeared covered with this lovely flower. It was the practice also to encompass the head, and even the neck, with garlands, composed almost entirely of roses.

A curious custom existed in France, until as late as the middle of the seventeenth century; the different princes and peers, even those of the blood royal, were to present roses to the Parliament of Paris, in the months of April, May, and June. The nobleman whose turn it was to perform this ceremony, caused roses and other sweet-scented flowers to be strewed over all the apartments of the parliament house, and presided at a splendid breakfast, at which the president and counsellors, and even the subordinate officers of the court were present. He afterwards went through each chamber, causing a large silver vessel to be carried before him, containing as many nosegays of roses and other flowers, either natural or artificial, as there were guests present. There was an officer attached to the parliament, with the title of *Rosier de la Cour*, from whom the nosegays which formed these presents were purchased.

This ceremony appears to have been rather an expensive affair, and disputes frequently arose as to its performance, particularly in the case of princes of the blood-royal, who, at times, considered they ought, on account of their rank, to have been excused from presiding.

Roses have also been employed at funerals, to cover the coffins of young persons and children, and the friends of the deceased have, at certain times of the year, decorated the tombs of their relatives with garlands of the same flower. At the coronation of the kings of England, a certain number of young ladies precede the procession, scattering flowers as they go. The rose is also employed as a crest, or as a principal bearing in a coat of arms: we must all remember, in English history, the calamitous Civil Wars, which lasted for many years, between the red and white roses,—the houses of Lancaster and York.

In some parts of France, a rose is the prize of the victor in many a village festival.

The sweet scent of this flower naturally attracted the notice of mankind, and a decoction of the flower-leaves, called rose-water, has been in frequent use; it has been employed to sprinkle the interior of religious edifices, and is used in the font at baptisms, by the priests of the Roman Catholic church. But the most beautiful produce of the Rose is the ATTAR, or Otto, the essential Oil of Roses. The species most usually employed in the preparation of the Attar are two of those represented in the engraving, the *Rosa moschata* and the *Rosa bifera officinalis*.

The discovery of the Attar is thus fancifully described. A Mogul princess, with that profusion so peculiar to eastern manners, had caused a kind of basin in her gardens to be entirely filled with rose-water, and was amusing herself on its sweet-scented waves with the Mogul Emperor. The heat of the sun had disengaged the essential oil from the water which contained it, and it was observed floating on the surface of the liquid, when its powerful odour was soon discovered.

There are two methods of obtaining the Attar. At Tunis and in Persia the Musk Rose is employed for this purpose. The rose-leaves are collected, and placed in a wooden vessel, nearly full of the purest water, which is exposed for several days to the heat of the sun; this disengages the essential oil, which floats on the surface of the water; it is then carefully collected by means of a small piece of fine clean cotton-wool, tied to the end of a stick, from which it is squeezed into small bottles, which are afterwards carefully closed. This *butter of roses*, as it is sometimes called, is of a yellowish tinge, and semi-transparent. It has the property of keeping for a length of time without becoming rancid, and the aroma which it yields is so powerful, that a

quantity which would adhere to the point-of-a needle, is sufficient to perfume an apartment for more than a day.

The second method of preparing it is by distillation. A quantity of fresh roses, say, for example, forty pounds, are put into a still with sixty pounds of water, the roses being left as they are with their calyces, but with the stems cut close, the mass is then well mixed together with the hands, and a gentle fire is made under the still; when the water begins to grow hot and fumes to rise, the cap of the still is put on and the pipe fixed; the chinks are then well luted, and cold water put on the refrigeratory at top. A moderate fire is kept up, and the distillation continued till thirty pounds of water have come over, which is generally accomplished in about four or five hours. This rose-water is again poured on a fresh quantity of roses, that is forty pounds' weight, and from fifteen to twenty pounds of water are drawn off as before. The rose-water thus prepared, will, if the flowers have been good, be found highly scented with the essential oil. It is then poured into pans of earthenware or tinned metal, and left exposed to the fresh air for the night; the Attar, or Essential Oil, will be found in the morning congealed, and floating on the top of the water; this is to be carefully separated and collected, either with a thin shell or a scummer, and poured into a vial.

The quantity of essential oil to be obtained from the Roses is very precarious, as it depends not only on the skill of the distiller, but also on the quality of the roses, and the favourableness of the season. In order to procure as much as three drachms, from one hundred pounds' weight of rose-leaves, the season must be very favourable, and the operation carefully performed. The colour of the Attar is no criterion of its quality.



ROSA PROVINCIALIS.

ROSA MOSCHATA.

ROSA BIFERA OFFICINALIS.